

# BABY ANIMALS



# BABY ANIMALS



RADUGA PUBLISHERS





RADUGA PUBLISHERS  
Moscow

Samuil Marshak

BABIES  
OF THE ZOO

Agnia Barto

THE BAD LITTLE  
BEAR-CUB

Alexei Laptev

ONE, TWO,  
THREE





## REQUEST TO READERS

Raduga Publishers would be glad to have your opinion of this book, its translation and design and any suggestions you may have for future publications.

Please send all your comments to 17, Zubovsky Boulevard, Moscow, USSR.

*Translation from the Russian*

С. Маршак. Дети в клетке  
А. Барто. Медвежонок-невежа  
А. Липин. Раз, два, три...

*На английском языке*

Перевод сделан по книгам:  
С. Маршак. «Дети в клетке»,  
М., «Детгиз», 1967 г.  
А. Барто. «Медвежонок-невежа»,  
М., «Детгиз», 1966 г.  
А. Липин. «Раз, два, три»,  
М., «Детгиз», 1964 г.

*Для дошкольного возраста*

© Издательство «Радуга». 1989 г.

© Raduga Publishers 1989

*Printed in the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics*

З 4803010202-535 034-89  
031/01/-89

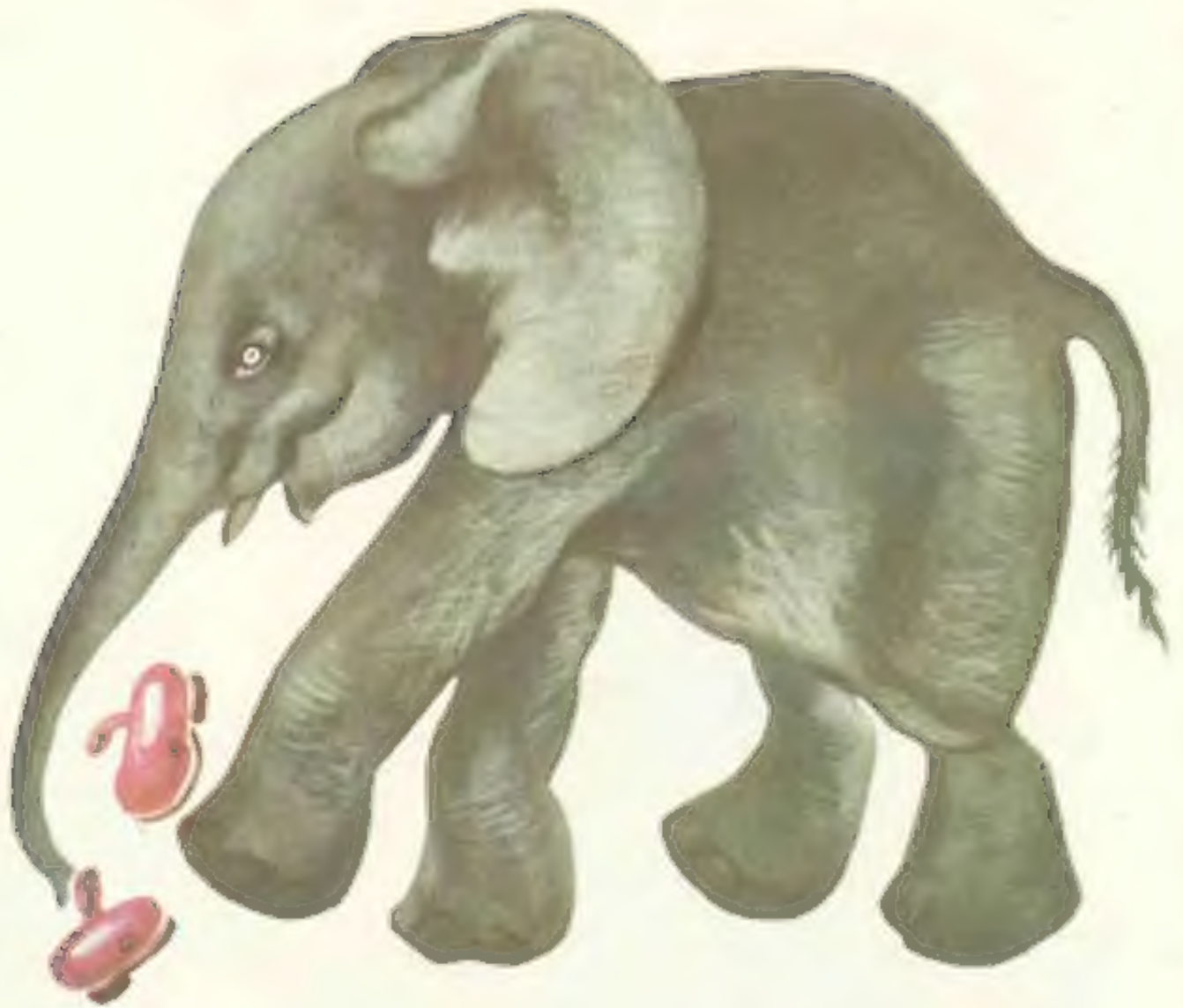
ISBN 5-05-002465-X

Samuil Marshak

# BABIES OF THE ZOO

*Drawings by Yevgeny Gharushin*





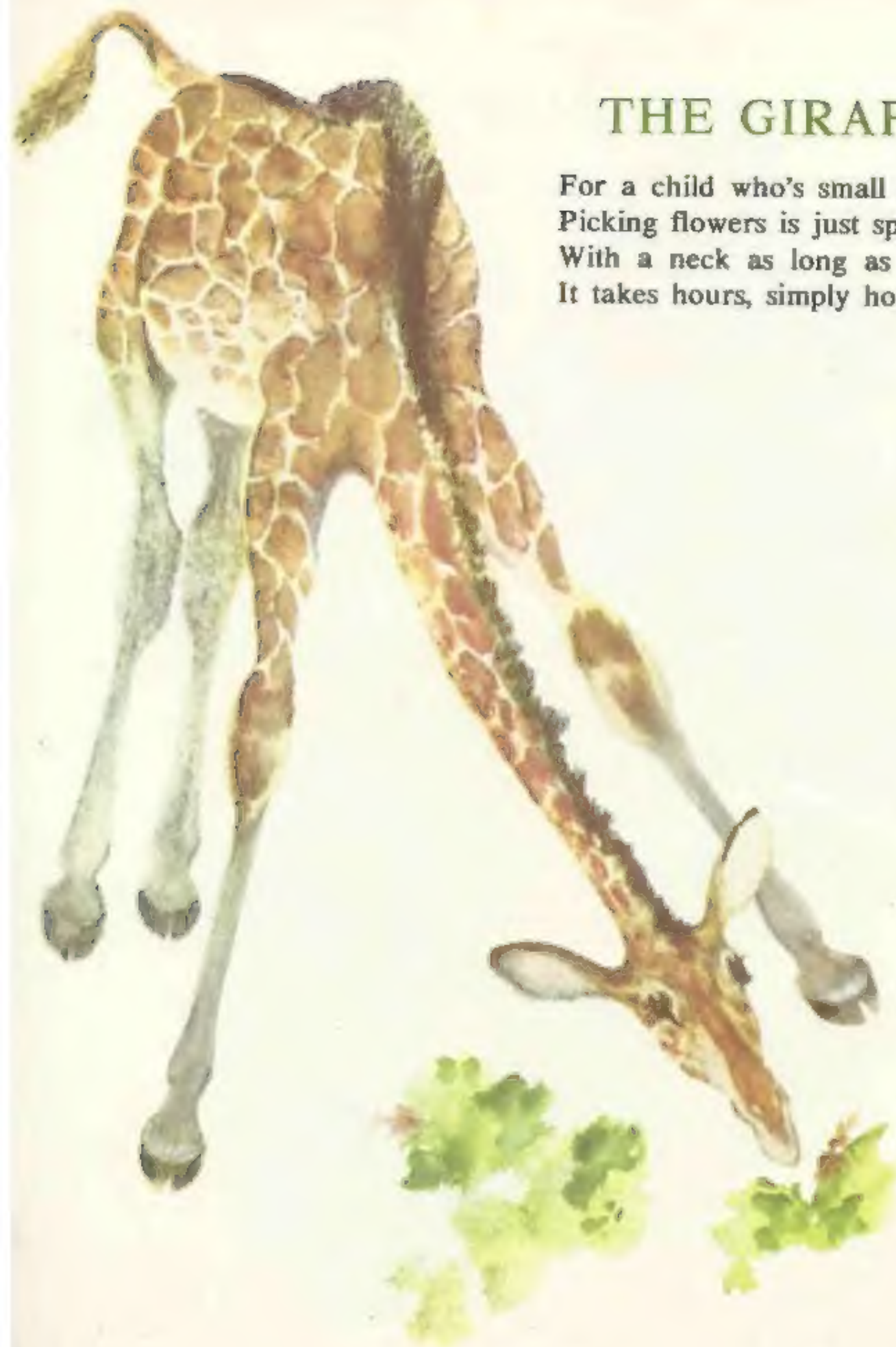
## THE ELEPHANT

These two slippers I was told  
To put on when it got cold.  
They are nice but much too small,  
And I've four feet, after all!



# THE GIRAFFE

For a child who's small and short  
Picking flowers is just sport.  
With a neck as long as ours  
It takes hours, simply hours!



# THE BABY TIGER

I'm a Tiger, not a cat.  
I am dangerous to pat.







## THE PENGUIN CHICKS

Myself and my twin brother  
Were only hatched today.  
Where can we find our mother?  
Is she a bird, you'd say?

Not knowing what your name is  
Is really rather thick.  
Here someone comes to claim us,  
It seems, we're Penguin chicks!

# MAGO THE MONKEY

I'm new at the Zoo, and my name is Mago.  
I came here from Africa some weeks ago:  
A sailor boy brought me from over the sea,  
Tucked in a box that he made for me.

I'm homesick at times, but happy enough,  
Eating bananas and this lovely stuff:  
Called Cod Liver Oil, a spoonful a day.  
Supposed to keep the doctor away.





## THE ZEBRAS

All the Zebras are, of course,  
Second cousins of the horse.

They are striped from head to toe,  
In the grass they do not show,  
So they run about and play  
Hide-and-seek the livelong day.





## THE BABY ELEPHANT

This tiny little tot  
Feels very, very hot,  
There's nothing like a spray  
To drive the heat away.  
This tub is not much fun  
For tots who weigh a ton.

## TWO LION CUBS

Everyone knows our Daddy, don't you?  
Our Daddy's the Lion at the Zoo.  
He's got heavy paws and a great mane of hair,  
And his roar gives people a terrible scare!

A Lion like that must have plenty to eat,  
So Daddy is given the best kind of meat.  
But we are just cubs, and our only food  
Is sweetened milk, which is awfully good!



# THE HUNGRY YOUNG CAMEL

Starving me from meal to meal,  
Don't I get a rotten deal?  
With an appetite like mine  
What's two pailfuls at a time?





# THE POLAR BEARS

How nice to dive and swim and play  
In such a lovely pool!  
They change the water every day,  
And keep it nice and cool.

From wall to wall we love to race,  
We're really hard to beat!  
"Keep to the right, there's lots of space,  
Don't shove me with your feet!"





## THE YOUNG OSTRICH

I am an Ostrich, five weeks old,  
I'm awfully proud and strong and bold,  
I stamp my foot at any foe  
And scratch the earth with my big toe.

When scared, I stretch my neck and race,  
And lead them all a merry chase!  
But though I try, and try, and try,  
I cannot sing and cannot fly.



## THE KANGAROO

Aren't they having fun, these two,  
Playing leapfrog in the Zoo!  
If you were a Kangaroo  
You could join them too.



# THE GOSLING

The Gosling had a dipping  
With all the grownup geese.  
He's shivering and dripping,  
Hand him a towel, please!





## THE ESKIMO DOG

Do not believe the sign that's there.  
It isn't fair to say "Beware",  
All those who know me say I am  
As meek and gentle as a lamb.  
I always think it's very queer  
To cage me, like the rest, in here.



## THE PENGUIN

Don't I look just like a sack,  
One part white, the other black?  
In the old days you should see me  
Race and beat the fastest steamers!  
Now I've grown so very fond  
Of this quiet little pond.





## THE OWLETS

These owlets, good brothers,  
Grabbed hold of a seat.  
They don't mix with others,  
They sleep or they eat.



## THE SPARROW IN THE ZOO

Tell us, Sparrow, do you feed  
At the Zoo?—I do, indeed.

Yesterday at breakfast-time  
I hopped in to see the Lion.



After that I had a snack  
With the Fox, and then went back



To the Walrus for a drink,  
He was very nice, I think.

Then old Jumbo and the Crane  
Treated me to greens and grain.



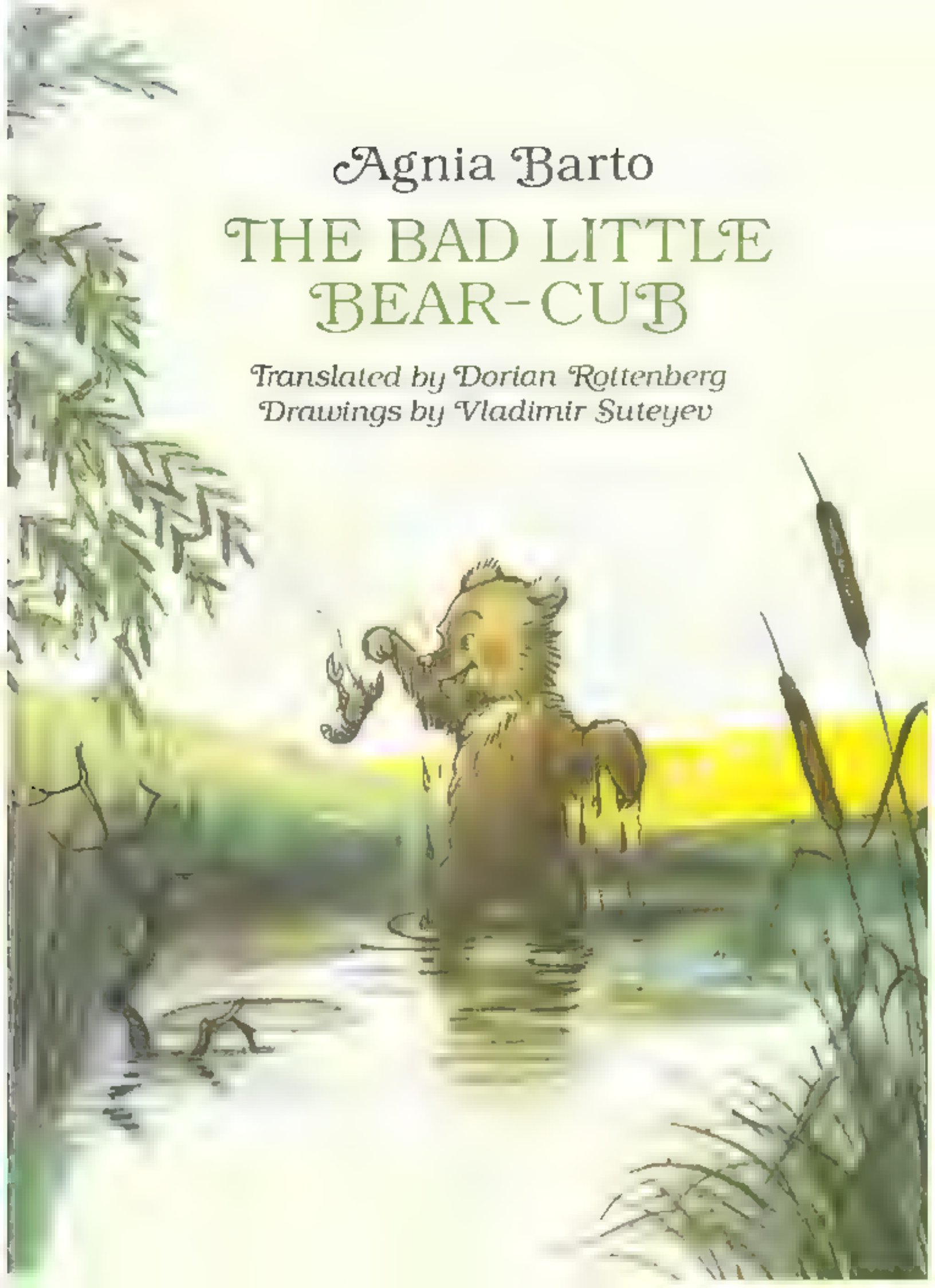


Nor the Rhino did I miss,  
And I had some bran of his.

With the Croc I meant to sup,  
But he almost ate me up!

Agnia Barto  
**THE BAD LITTLE  
BEAR-CUB**

*Translated by Dorian Rottenberg  
Drawings by Vladimir Suteyev*







Mrs. Bruin had a son,  
One I'd wish to anyone:  
Like his mother to a hair,  
Every inch of him a bear.

From the heat beneath a tree  
Mother Bear would hide,  
And sure enough young  
Sonny Bear  
Would huddle by her side.

He'd trip up on a root, he would.  
"Poor dear," crooned  
Mother Bear.  
Indeed, my friends, in all the wood  
No finer cub was there.

Yet Mrs. Bruin's young sonny  
Broke all the rules and laws.  
One day he found some honey  
And ate with dirty paws!



His mother scolded:  
"Naughty brat,  
You mustn't grab  
Your food like that!"  
But Master Bear just  
gobbled on  
And choked,  
And coughed,  
And spat.

His face became all clammy,  
His fur began to stick —  
A good day's work for Mammy  
To clean, and smooth, and lick.

When Mum and Dad sat down to chat  
He'd start a noisy squawking.  
Now, ought a cub behave like that  
When grown up bears are talking?

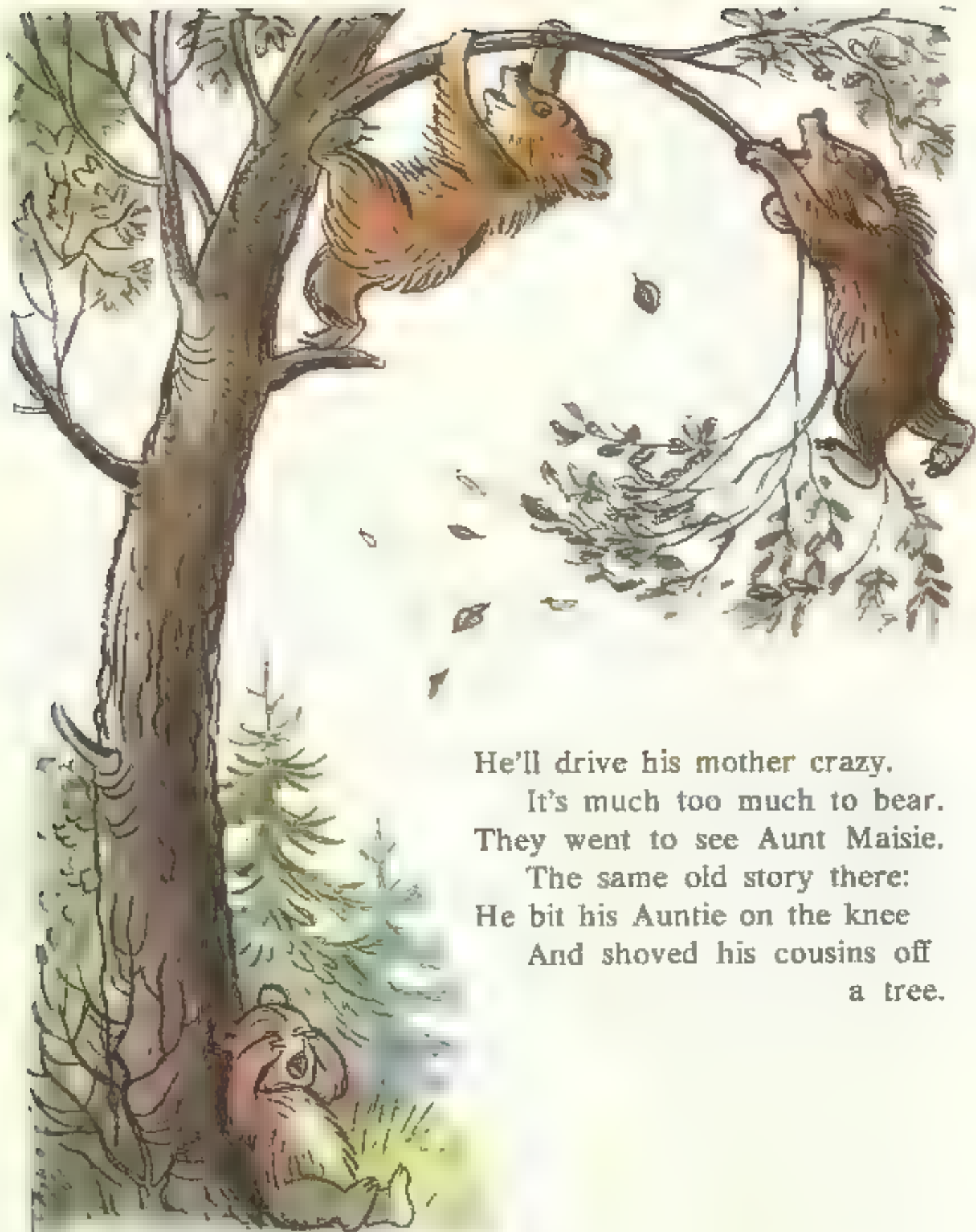
The bear-cub, coming home one day,  
Climbed first into the lair,  
And that instead of giving way  
To another, older bear.





The other day he stayed away  
Till dark, the dreadful lad,  
And came with fur all full of hay,  
A sight to make one mad.

He said without a trace of shame:  
"We had a lovely, lovely game."  
Says Ma: "His manners make me weep.  
He roars all night, won't let us sleep."

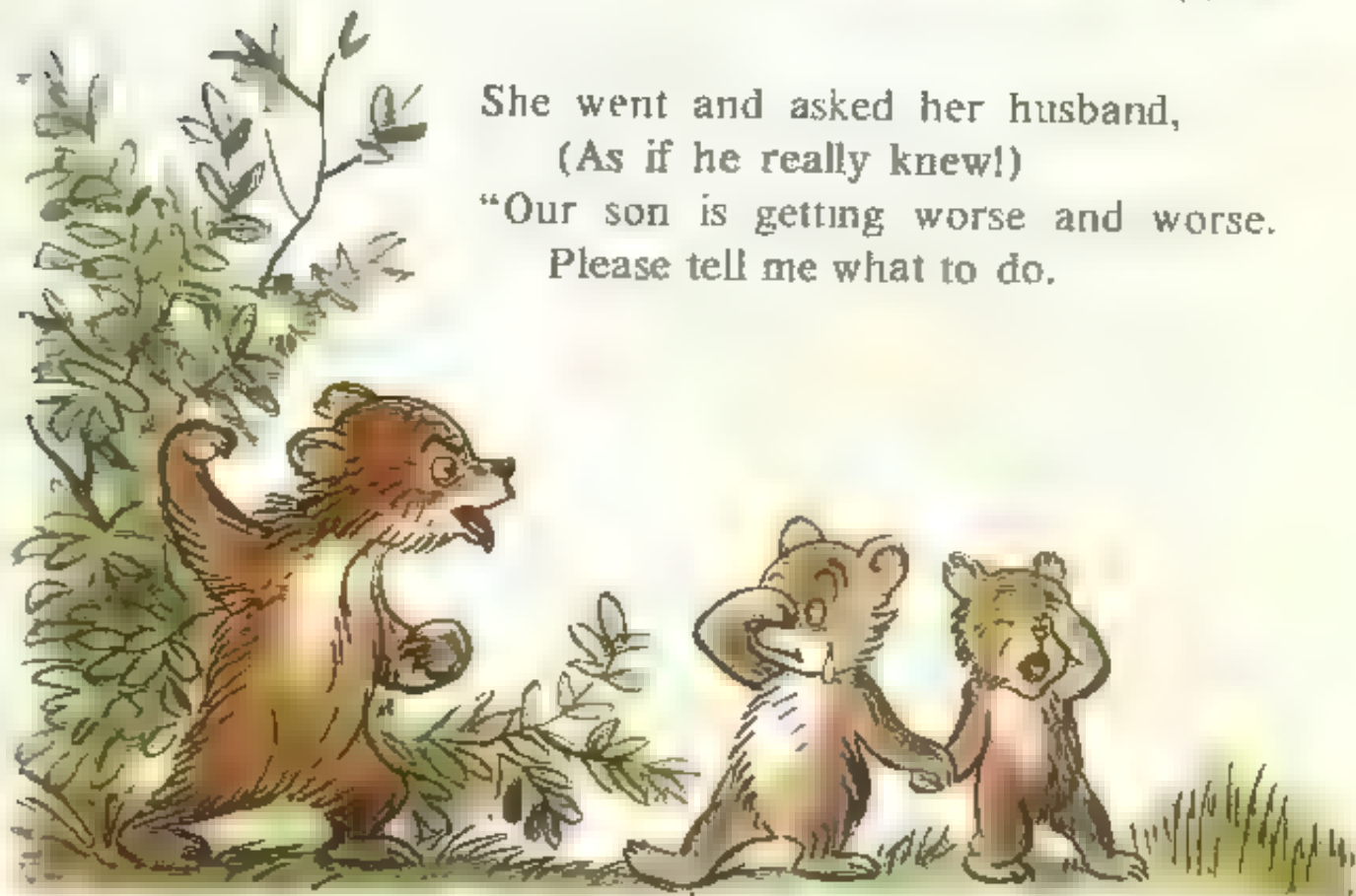


He'll drive his mother crazy.  
It's much too much to bear.  
They went to see Aunt Maisie.  
The same old story there:  
He bit his Auntie on the knee  
And shoved his cousins off  
a tree.

All that week his mother fretted  
And her pampering regretted.  
"Oh dear me, I've spoiled  
the child:  
Now he's simply running wild!"



She went and asked her husband,  
(As if he really knew!)  
"Our son is getting worse and worse.  
Please tell me what to do."







"He doesn't know what's right or wrong.  
He's robbing birds' nests all along.  
He's always making faces,  
He fights in public places!"

Bruin answered with a roar,  
"Why am I to blame?  
What is a bear-cub's mother for  
If *she* can't make him tame?"

"The rascal's got a mother,  
And she's the one to bother."  
But soon the culprit got so bad  
He raised his paw against his Dad.  
Just think of it—a cub should dare  
To snap and snarl at Father Bear!  
The father with an angry grunt  
Picked up a hefty stick.  
(It seemed, his off-spring's latest stunt  
Had cut him to the quick!)

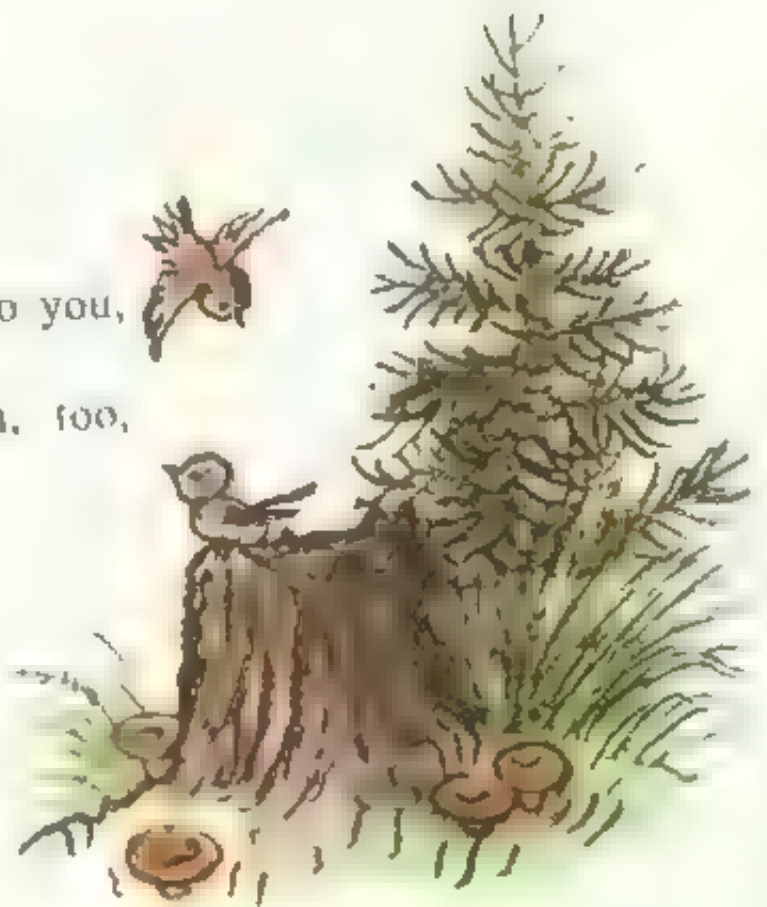




Here Mother started whimpering:  
"Oh, I can't bear the sight!  
Why, it's an outrage, honestly,  
Threshing such a mitel!"

While quarrels  
Tore the family  
The son grew up  
Unmannerly.

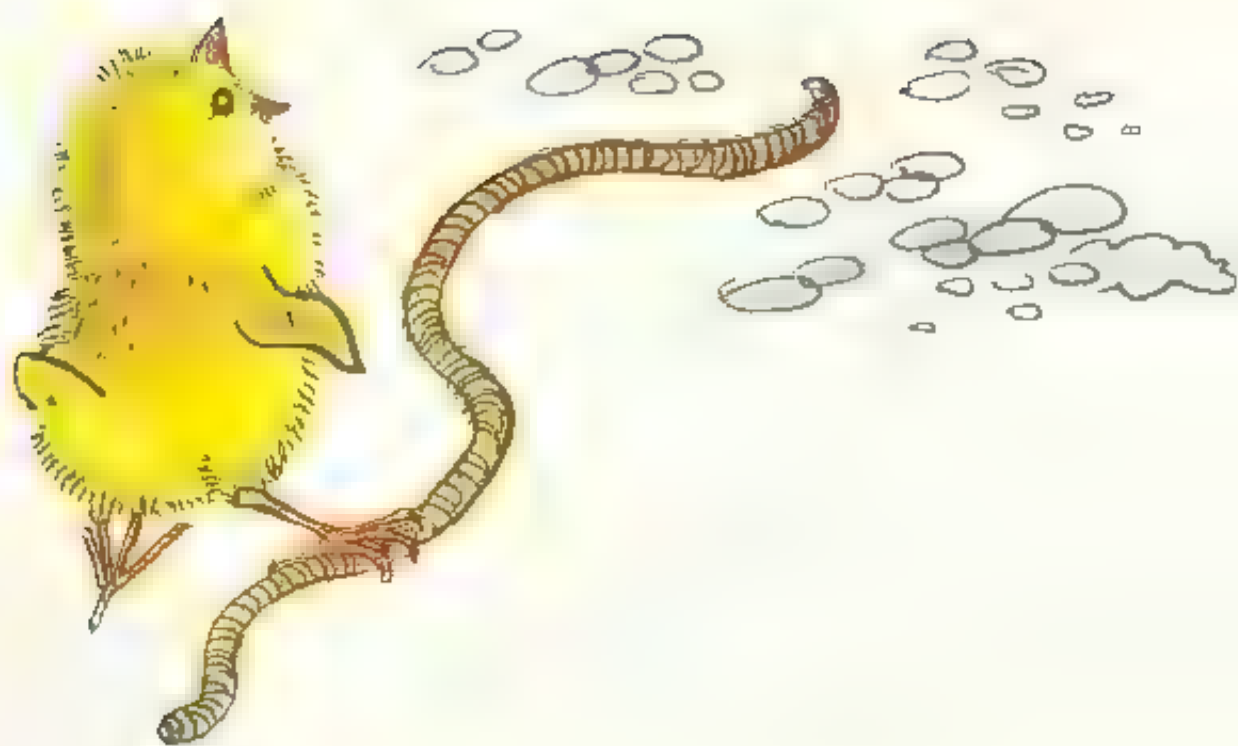
Though odd this tale may seem to you,  
I've often heard it said  
That sometimes among children, too,  
Such little bears are met.





Alexei Laptev  
ONE. TWO. THREE...  
Translated by Ronald Vroon  
Drawings by the author







The honey smells sweet as a rose,  
But then a bee lands on your nose!  
If you love honey, don't you whine –  
It stings, but soon you'll feel just fine!



The beetle starts chirring  
Deep down in the grass,  
The grasshopper picks up his fiddle.  
You hear all around  
The bright, musical sound—  
Hey fiddle-de-diddle-de-diddle!

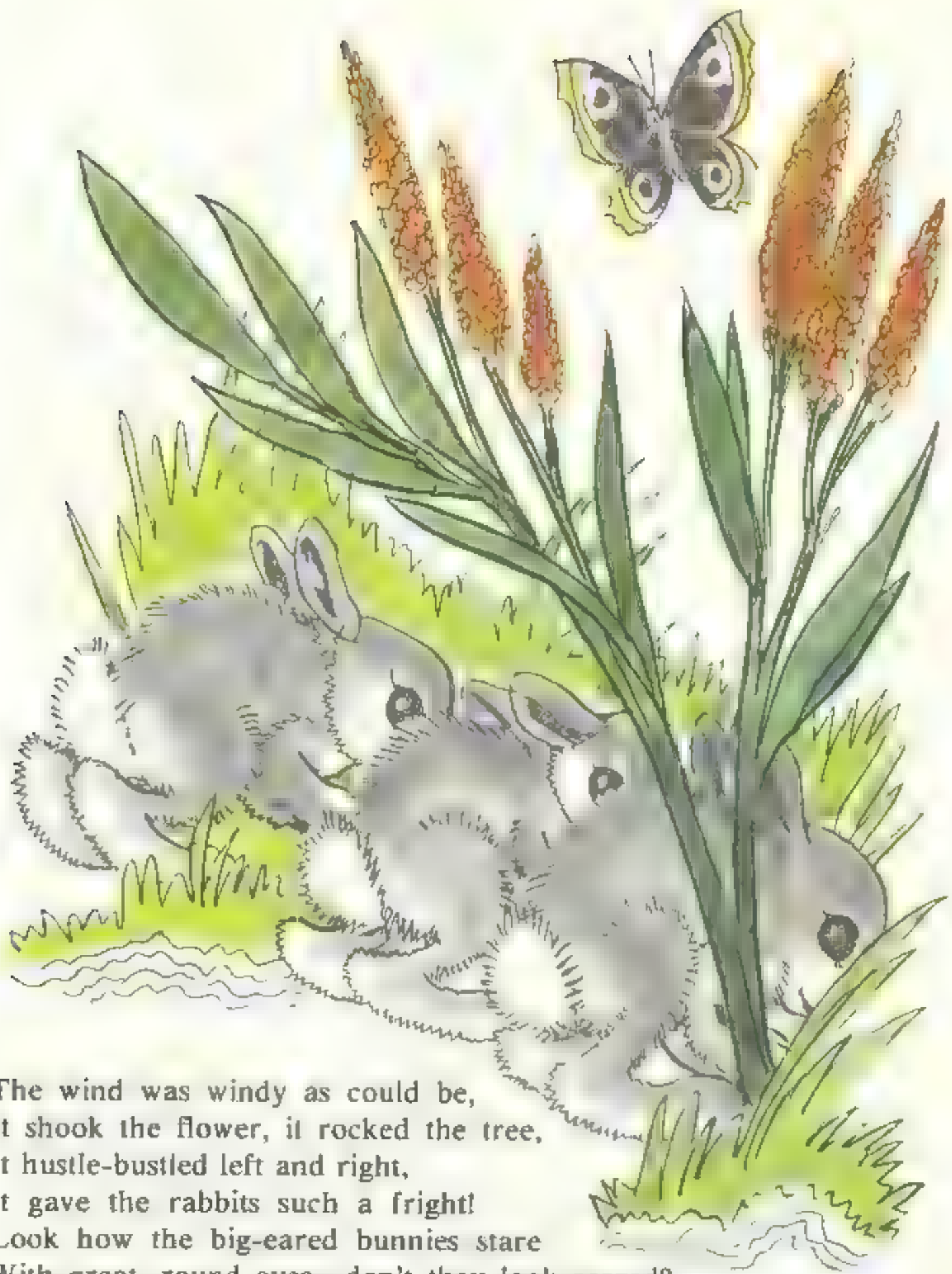


Three little frogs  
Jumped through the bog.  
They hopped and hopped  
And then they stopped.  
What did they see ahead?  
Strawberries, sweet and red!



Drinking morning dew  
Is just the thing to do.  
The flower tips—  
You take a sip!

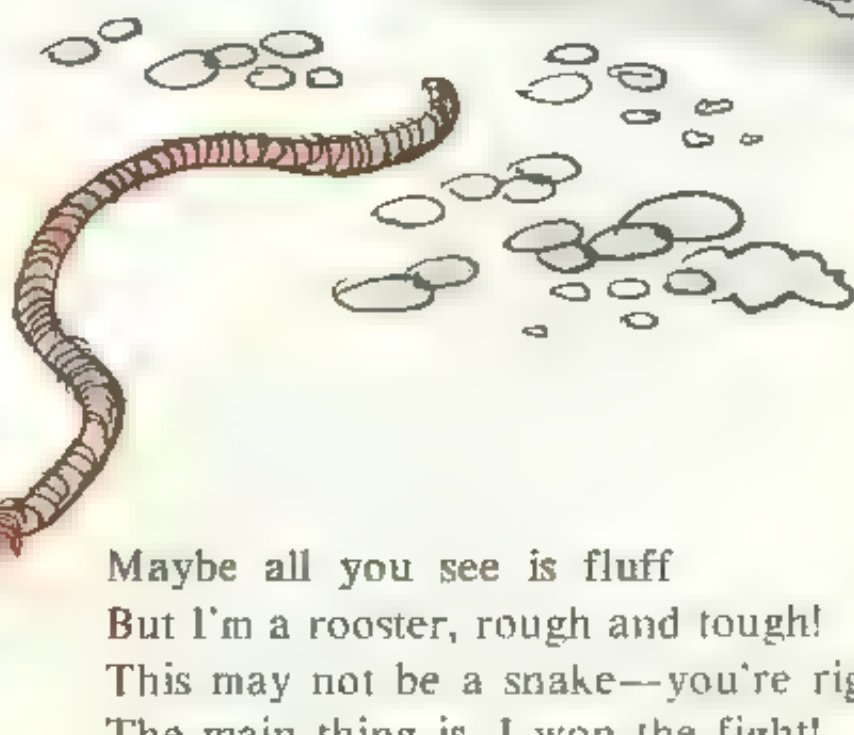




The wind was windy as could be,  
It shook the flower, it rocked the tree,  
It hustle-bustled left and right,  
It gave the rabbits such a fright!  
Look how the big-eared bunnies stare  
With great, round eyes—don't they look scared?



How the baby ducklings quack  
And run up to the beetle's back!  
See his pincers—click! click! clack!  
Which baby duckling will attack?



Maybe all you see is fluff  
But I'm a rooster, rough and tough!  
This may not be a snake—you're right.  
The main thing is, I won the fight!



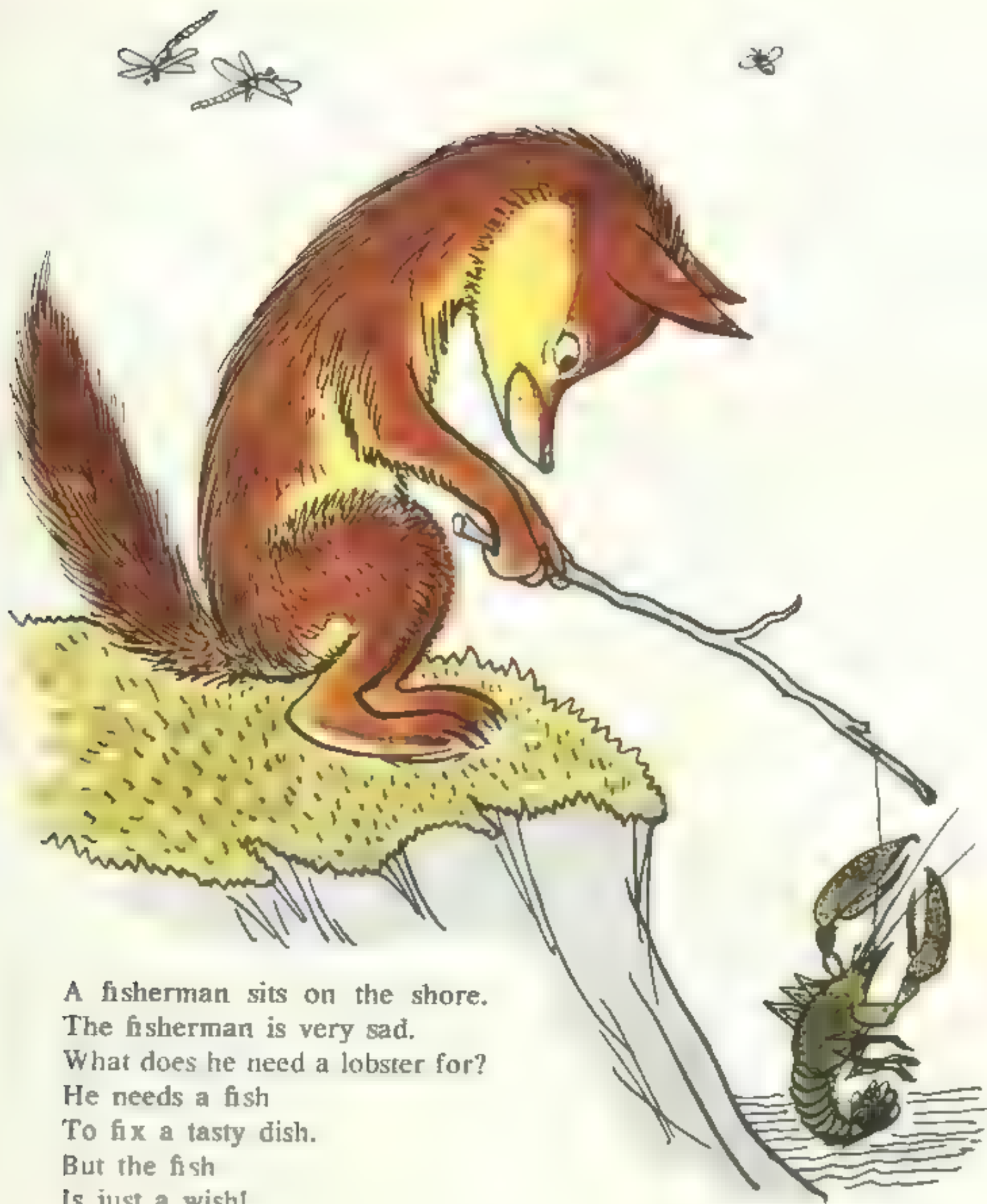
What does the baby jackdaw see?  
A helicopter whizzing by.  
But if he doesn't close his beak  
A little bug could fly inside!





Two magpies start to scratch and bite.  
Like little boys, they like to fight.  
"Give me the pine cone!" "I want half!"  
They screech, but soon they'll start to laugh.





A fisherman sits on the shore.  
The fisherman is very sad.  
What does he need a lobster for?  
He needs a fish  
To fix a tasty dish.  
But the fish  
Is just a wish!



This mushroom with its orange dome  
Is our umbrella — and our home!



I'm a racehorse, I can run  
Fast enough to catch the sun!  
Like an eagle, I can fly  
High enough to touch the sky!



We're all little horses,  
We all have a name:  
Not Blacky,  
Or Rusty, or Tony—  
Just "pony"!





These ducklings share their lunch at noon—  
They have no fork or knife or spoon.





I'm a goat kid, grey as lead,  
Tiny horns grow on my head.  
My friend is like a little brother—  
We never fight—we love each other!







